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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1916

SANTA HAS HUGE TASK BEFORE HIM TOMORROW NIGHT

By George Magtin.

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

AT THE NORTH POLE, Dec. 23 (via wireless).—It was pitch dark when the United Press man got here to see Santa Claus this year, and he had to ring the sleigh bells at the main entrance of Santa's big silver barn a long time before anybody answered. Finally a big, cheery voice inside called out:

"Hello, there! Why don't you turn on the lights?"

"Where are they?" the reporter called back.

"Why," said Santa with a chuckle, as he rolled back one of the big, black marble doors and stepped out, "they're where the Northern Lights ought to be, in this gold and silver box fastened to the North Pole over here." So saying he switched them on, and say, weren't they beautiful!

Maybe you've seen the Northern Lights; great, glowing shafts of purple and crimson and white, all laced and woven with the softest hues and tints you ever saw.

"I was a bit worn out getting ready for the trip," said Santa as he turned around and shook hands, "and I was just getting a little nap. Won't you sit down?" We walked over to a big frosted snow bench in front of the barn.

Things were a lot different than they were when the reporter was up here last year. The gigantic silver barn with the hundred reindeer, the heavy sets of spun gold harness and the Christmas sleigh that a regiment of soldiers could walk around in, were there. And the mountains of toys and dolls and sleds and all kinds of presents were scattered around the North Pole as far as you could see in all directions. The reporter knew that pretty soon the hundreds of little Santa Claus children, each one looking like a Tom Thumb edition of Santa himself, would come rolling and tumbling out of the barn and go scuttling around over the hills of gifts, putting the right labels on each one.

All that was here last year. This year there was something more. All around the big silver barn there were hundreds of little barns and every one of them built of hammered gold and green marble. And in each one of them was a little polished steel sleigh and fifty teams of baby reindeer.

"I see what you're looking at," said Santa Claus, "and I suppose you're wondering what the idea is." Of course the reporter was wondering, so Santa explained:

"I've been trying to do too much all by myself. The world is growing so fast, there are so many more little boys and girls and grown-ups than there used to be and I am get-

How to Dodge Trouble Being Told By Use of Pamphlets, Posters and Slides

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—"How to dodge trouble" might well be the title of the good advice of Police Commissioner Arthur Woods is distributing in 300,000 pamphlets, 50,000 posters and 1,000 movie slides. And most of his advice is as good for a dweller in any American town as for the citizens of the metropolis. Read and observe:

Don't run across the street through heavy traffic. The busiest man I know wastes at least 30 minutes a day; why risk your life to save five seconds crossing the street?

Don't imagine you are within your rights if you drive to the maximum speed allowed by law. You must not endanger the safety of others.

Your responsibility does not end with the honking of the horn when others are in your path.

Your automobile may be under control, but how about the other fellows? He may be a crazy man. You don't know.

When you leave your house don't advertise the fact by pulling down

the shades or by leaving a note in the letter box saying that you will be back at such and such a time. Sneak thieves profit by such advice.

Be careful not to admit strangers to your house or apartment. Make those who claim to be agents or delivery boys show their credentials. If in doubt, always telephone your caller's employer before admitting him.

When your front door bell rings and you press the button and no one comes within the janitor at once. You may have admitted a thief.

Respect your neighbor as much as yourself. Don't beat your rugs or stir up ashes so that your dirt will be blown into his apartment to fall on his food or be breathed by him.

Don't throw your garbage or ashes at the cans provided, and don't fill them to overflowing. Don't leave them uncovered.

Don't buy fish, meat or fruit from dirty dealers, who fail to protect their wares from dust, dirt and flies.

CHINESE ARE GOOD PROSPECTS IN THE INSURANCE GAME

By Clarence Axman.

(Written for the United Press)

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Chinamen are good prospects for life insurance agents if the latter are good fellows, but if persona non grata they can have the finest protection proposition in the world to offer and they will be met only with an indifferent shrug of the shoulder.

Barnes Moss, formerly of Atlanta, and representing a life insurance company in North China, has a reputation in Shanghai of being a good mixer among Chinese bankers and merchants, which may account for the fact that he can and does write a million dollars of life insurance business in a year.

I spent half a day with him while he solicited risks. The first thing we did was to go to a bank and pay a death claim on the wealthiest Chinaman in Shanghai who had died a short time before.

"The Chinaman loves prompt payment," said Moss, "and we make it a point to pay the claim in the quickest possible time because of the impression it makes."

We entered the bank, went directly to a room in the back and seeing the beneficiary Barnes shouted so that all could hear him, "Boys, I've got the check." A crowd of the insured's former associates gathered around, all smiling as they witnessed the signing of the receipt, and we were out in five minutes.

"I'll tackle that whole bunch for life insurance inside of a week," said Moss. "They have all had an object lesson in life insurance."

Going into an ivory store Moss

wrote an income policy by showing the proprietor that on his great birthdays—from sixty up, a large sum of money would be due him each year.

"Over in America there is only one way to sell life insurance," said Moss, "and that is by talking of the protection to the family—the widow and the children. But that kind of talk here would make me starve to death. The Chinaman is interested in himself, not in the family. He is interested in what he is going to get out of the proposition, and does not worry what is going to become of his family when he passes away."

We had an illustration of this after returning to the office before lunch when a young Chinaman, his face alight with smiles, came in, and said with an air of great joy, "My father died today." He was the beneficiary under the policy.

The best life insurance solicitors in Shanghai are of the white race. It is difficult to find native talent to solicit life insurance, as the Chinamen regard insurance soliciting as degrading. It makes them "lose face," something undignified.

Chinamen of the better class are long-lived, but the insurance men must keep the closest kind of watch on their livers, because the Chinaman starts eating when he arises in the morning and keeps it up until he retires at night. Also, he doesn't take any exercise, rides in chairs always, and thinks only servants should play athletic games.

An interesting sidelight on the situation is the fact that a small amount of opium smoking is permitted by examiners of the life companies. Opium smoking days are numbered, however, and its death knell will come sometime in 1917 by government agreements.

It's easy enough to make a Chinaman sign an application for insurance if you know how, but no one living can make him satisfied with the terms of settlement when the policy matures.

"Be a company ever so generous, the Chinaman can show where he should get more," said Moss. "He is the quickest man in the world at figures, and the shrewdest."

ARGENTINE IN NEED OF GRAIN ELEVATORS

(By United Press to The Daily Bulletin) BUENOS AIRES, Dec. 23.—"Wake up, Argentina, and build grain elevators," urged Gert T. Holm, a Swedish-Argentine and foremost cereal expert in the republic, in an urgent appeal to the country's farmers.

Holm estimates that these farmers lost \$200,000,000 annually to the "grain trust" through lack of storage facilities, which compels them to market their products in a hurry and on whatever terms the trust dictates. He places the members of the trust at not more than five concerns, who do have some eleva-

tors of their own but who use them, benefit. The plan he favors is government construction of elevators.

---And A Prosperous New Year



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Webb Fathers Bill to Permit Combinations For Export Trade



EDWIN Y. WEBB

Photo by American Press Association. Representative Edwin Y. Webb of North Carolina, Democrat, is the author of the bill now pending in congress to allow American firms to form combinations for foreign trade without violation of the anti-trust laws. In his recent message to congress President Wilson favored such legislation without mentioning specifically the Webb bill.

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